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they are not fallen also. It may reasonably be doubted whether, if there were to be a universal exchange of individualities in the world, the amount of sin would be sensibly diminished. In other words, if you, or I, had been subjected to the same temptations, under the same circumstances, that resulted in the sending of our old acquaintance to the state prison for forgery, the probabilities are that we should to-day be dressing stone for the public good. If your daughter or mine had been exposed to the wiles of a villain under the circumstances which surrounded our neighbor's daughter when she fell, and that neighbor's daughter had been in the place of ours, the probabilities are that our daughter would be lost to us and a true life, and that our neighbor's daughter would be safe. Our business, then, is to thank God for the circumstances which have favored us, to pity those who have not been thus favored and to be very careful of our course.

To a greater extent than the most of us imagine, the wrongs, sins and errors of the age were born of, and have been perpetuated by, circumstances. We are accustomed to inveigh against slavery. We denounce it as a high crime in those who sustain it, and a curse to all the parties concerned in it. We wonder why anybody can regard it in any different light. On the other hand, the upholders of slavery regard it as a divine institution, beneficial to the blacks and to themselves, and hold its opponents to be fanatics, hypocrites, disorganizers and inexplicably contemptible men. To make both parties feel more kindly toward each other, it ought to be only necessary for them to remember that they have exchanged dwelling-places and circumstances at their birth, they would have exchanged sentiments and opinions. Our craziest abolitionists would, from their natural temperament, have been in Charleston the craziest fire-eaters, and the most zealous advocate of slavery would at the North have been the principal speaker at the Syracuse convention. If Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison had been born in New Orleans, to an inheritance to 300 slaves apiece, and Robert Toombs and Alexander Stevens had grown up under the shadow of Booker Hill, they would have been diametrically opposed to each other as they are to-day. It is the senseless thing in the world for these parties to feel unkindly towards each other. Each may struggle strenuously for the maintenance of his own ideas of the right, but both should always remember that it is from no merit or demerit of theirs that they differ. Circumstances, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, make both the opponents and the defenders of slavery.

Thus it is in the matter of religion.

The Catholic regards the Protestant as no Christian, and the Protestant regards the Catholic as the upholder of the grossest errors. Each class regards the other with contempt, and wonders how it can embrace a system which it deems utterly illegitimate and fully dangerous. What makes them differ? Circumstances, not choice. England and Ireland, sit side by side, subjects of the same Queen. The English, born of Protestant parents, are Protestants. The Irish, born of Catholic parents, are Catholics. They stand in the relation of religious enemies, and talk about each other as bitterly as if they had really had something to do in making themselves what they respectively are, when, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, they have had nothing to do with it whatever. The circumstances in which they were born and bred have made them what they are. The Catholics emigrate to this Protestant country. We regard them as misled in the main, and intentionally misleading in the exceptions. We wonder how they can pin their faith to their church in the way they do. Yet circumstances, over which they have no control, led them naturally into the Catholic Church—circumstances gave them Catholic parents, and surrounded them with Catholic influences. No Protestant can reasonably doubt that had he been born and reared under the same circumstances, he would now be a Catholic; and there are not probably one in a thousand Catholics who would not be Protestants had they been born and bred under Protestant influences. Now, while this fact should make no difference in the estimation in which each holds the other's system of religion, it should dispose them at once and forever of all bitterness of feeling toward each other, and of the self-righteous assumption of superiority.

It would be relevant to allude to political parties in this connection, but it is not necessary. The same fact holds good, in a general way, with relation to all the great subjects that divide men into opposing masses. It may be well, however, to say that in the matter of social position, so far, at least, as it is based in birth, there is no cause of glorying on the part of any man. Two children play together, and grow up together. One is the offspring of a man of wealth and high social standing. The other is a son or daughter of a laborer, poor, and, perhaps, ignorant. One of these children comes in time to look down upon his humble neighbor, and the other is brought to feel sooner or later that he is proscribed. What makes these children differ? Nothing but circumstances, over which neither had a particle of control, yet one of them gets proud in his adventitious position—proud of his circumstances. Circumstances ordered by Providence, doubtless, grade society through all the steps that reach from the bottom to the top of it. This fact may be recognized, and yet between each class there can not legitimately be a particle of bitterness, of envy, of jealousy, or of pride.

Again, to leave this class of generalizations, let us instance a lad in the city born of drunken parents, and to familiarity with the observation and the practice of vice from the earliest conscious moment of his life. He is a beggar at six, a thief at ten, a drunkard at twelve, a libertine at sixteen, and a murderer at twenty. Another lad is born in a quiet country home, with a Christian father and mother. His whole training is in the direction of virtue. As soon as he can speak, he is taught to pray. He is carefully guarded from all vicious influences, educated in the atmosphere of a pure and self-sacrificing love, becomes the possessor of a lofty Christian purpose, and at thirty finds himself by the side of the

poor convict boy of the city, endeavoring to prepare him for the change of worlds which will come with his execution. What makes the lives of these two men differ so widely? What, but circumstances? I do not say that this city boy is, in his history, the representative of all the vicious men and women in the world, but he is in many respects the representative of the larger part of them, as the contrary is the representative of the larger part of the virtuous. How ought this fact to open wide the arms of our pity and our charity towards those whose steps are toward ruin! How inconsiderate is that self-righteous contempt and abhorrence with which a virtuous world regards those who only need favoring circumstances to make them pure and worthy as itself!

The truth is that the great brotherhood and sisterhood of sin grow under the uncharitable judgments of those who, but for circumstances interposed by other power than their own, would have been among their number. These judgments may not be unjust but they are unequalled. They may be just, coming from Him who sees the heart, but they are illegitimate, proceeding from those whom kinder circumstances have aided to preserve. I say they groan under these judgments. They feel bitterly in regard to them, and they will accept no beneficent ministry at the hands of the good until they receive the sympathy to which they believe themselves entitled. Any man who approaches this class in an attempt to do them good, with counsel to his lips and the assumption of a self-won and self-preserved righteousness in his bearing, will find, to the cost of his mission, that every heart is closed against him. There is a basis of brotherhood and tender sympathy in this connection of circumstances with the development of character and life, and on this basis every man must stand who would raise the fallen, strengthen the weak, and reclaim the erring.

Leaving classes, we come to individuals.

The orange that is too hard squeezed yields a bitter juice. Here and there, in the bosom of our observation, we see men and women who, having lived good and reputable lives, yield to some sudden and overwhelming temptation, and fall with a crash that startles our hearts with terror. Some man whom, through a life of strict integrity, we have regarded as a model of honor and honesty, suddenly stands before the world condemned as a defaulter, a swindler, a forger. Did it ever occur to you to stop for a moment, and think what a band of circumstances must have conspired against, and what temptations must have assailed him, even to lead him one step toward the resistance of conscience, the sacrifice of his peace of mind, the forfeiture of his good name, and the danger of his surrender of his personal freedom? Did you ever pause in your judgment, and attempt to measure the solitary, secret, hand-to-hand conflict with the devil by which he was at last disarmed, baffled and ruined? Did you ever attempt to realize the fact that if you had been in his place you might have fallen like him? Do you sit coldly above the fallen man, and, with the unthinking world, condemn him? Ah! pity him; pity him! Pray that you enter into temptation, and while you hold his sin in horror, remember that kinder circumstances and smaller temptations have probably saved you from his fate.

Some gentle girl, full of all sweet hopes a bright with innocent beauty, gives herself to one who is unworthy of her. She yields him her faith to be betrayed, her love to be abused, her trust to be deceived. Enslaved by circumstances, shorn of will by the blind devotion of her passion, ensnared by the toils of one whom she believes incapable of wilful wrong, she wakes from her mad dream a ruined woman. What have you to say to her, or say about her? God forgive you, if you, man or woman, can stand over the prostrate creature from whom hope has departed, and breathe into her gas words of condemnation and scorn. Why are you, woman, who reads these words, better than she? Madame, Maiden, the straightest stick is crooked under water. Condemn her sin if you will, hold it in abhorrence as you must; but when, with beseeching look, she comes into your presence, her self-righteousness accuses around her, remember how the Christ that is in you impels you to delay judgment, and, while revolving the pitiful circumstances of her fall, to stoop humbly and write that judgment in the sand.

The track upon which the train of human reformation runs is laid in sympathy, and this sympathy, can never be established so long as there exists in the heart of virtue the same feeling of hatred to the sinner that is felt toward the sin. The world will accept and can have no Savior who has not been tempted and been surrounded with circumstances that exhibited to him the measures of human weakness. A being must be tempted "in all points like as we are" before we can give him our hand to be led up higher. The soul that does not appreciate the power of temptation has no mission to the world. It is the law of the heart that it will not accept the ministry of nature that have no sympathy with it. Go the world over, and select those preachers who have the greatest power over men—power to move them in high directions, and power to attract them with strong and tender affections—and they will, without exception, be found to be those who betray hearts and experiences that show that they are sympathetic with the tempted. The exceedingly proper young men who graduate from the theological institutions, in white cravats and white complexions, are men who have little power in the world, as a general thing. The world knows at once that such men know nothing of its heart; but when it finds an earnest, Christian worker who has passed through the fire, and exhibits the possession of what we are wont to call "human nature," it turns to him with the feeling that he has a right to teach it.

There are great many brotherhoods in the world, but none so large as the brotherhood of temptation and untoward circumstance. A race of beings find themselves in the world without any act of their own, in circumstances not of their own choosing—some better, some worse—and all the subjects of temptation. The ride of life is unrolled. The meaning of their relations to that which tends to de-

grade them is not comprehended. Now the situation of this race is, to me, one of touching and profound interest. With a God over its head and a law in its heart, that hold it to accountability and with appetites and passions within, and circumstances and temptations without, urging, coaxing, driving it to transgression—what a spectacle is this for angels and for God! Yet here we all are, struggling, falling, rising, hoping, despairing. Now, if this great fact of common subjection to evil influence do not give us a basis for a common sympathy, I do not know what other fact in God's world does. Doubtless the brotherhood of true Christianity is a purer tie than this, but it is less a human tie and more divine. Doubtless the love proceeding out of a pure Christian spirit is a stronger motive for labor for the elevation of men than this sympathy, but unaccompanied with it, it can accomplish but little. This brotherhood is first to be recognized; this sympathy is first to be felt, before a Christian purpose with relation to the race can be indulged with any practical effort for good.

I stand by my kind; and I thank God for the temptations that have brought me into sympathy with them, as I do for the love that urges me to efforts for their good. I hail the great brotherhood of trial and temptation in the name of humanity, and give them assurance that from the Divine Man and, some, at least, of his disciples, there goes out to them a flood of sympathy that would far sweep them up to the firm footing of the rock of safety. I assure them that there are hearts that condemn while they condemn, and pity where they may not praise, and that there are those even among Christian men and women, who feel attracted toward them as they cannot feel attracted toward the self-righteous and uncharitable men and women who have named the name ineffable, and claim a place upon the rolls of the redeemed. I can never fail to remember that whatever I possess of good, of light, of liberty, of love, has come to me mainly on the wings of circumstances, and that a greater portion of the evil, the ignorance, the bondage and the hate that I see all around me was borne to those who hold and exhibit them, by the same purveyors. I come not between God's law and man's accountability, but I take the great fact as I find it, that life, in the main, follows the line of its original lot, as a basis of sympathy on which I stand with one hand in the hand of all humanity, and the other pointing hopefully toward the stars.

GREENEY'S LETTERS—XV.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

WESTERN CHARACTERS.

DENVER, June 21, 1859.

I know it is not quite correct to speak of this region as "Western," seeing that it is in fact the center of North America, and very close to its backbone. Still, as the terms "Eastern" and "Western" are conventional relative—Castine being "Western" to a Bluebonnet or a Carson Valley "Eastern" to a Californian—I take the responsibility of grouping certain characters I have noted on the Plains and in about the Mountains as "Western," begging that the most respectable region which lies east of the Buffalo range—also that portion which lies west of the Colorado—to excuse the liberty.

The first circumstance that strikes a stranger traversing this wild country is the vagrant instincts and habits of the great majority of its denizens—perhaps I should say, of the American people generally as exhibited here. Among any ten who you successively meet, there will be natives of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia or Georgia, Ohio or Indiana, Kentucky or Missouri, France, Germany, and perhaps Ireland. But worse than this, you cannot enter a circle of a dozen persons of whom at least three will not have spent some years in California, two or three have made claims and built cabins in Kansas or Nebraska, and at least one spent a year or so in Texas. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, have all contributed their quota toward peopling the new Gold Region. The next man you meet driving an ox team, and white as a miller with dust, is probably an ex-baker or doctor, a broken merchant or manufacturer from the old States, who has scraped together the candle-end and the corner of a contemptuously allowed him by his creditors on settlement, and is riding on a last desperate cast of the dice by coming hither. Ex-doctors, ex-printers, clerks, ex-steamboat men, are here in abundance—all on the keen hunt for the gold which only a few will secure. One of the stations at which we slept on our way up—the rough tent with a cheering hope (since blasted) of a log house in the rear—future—was kept by an ex-lawyer of Cincinnati and his wife, an ex-actress from New York Bowery—she being cooed—Omni-bus drivers from Broadway repeated handled the ribbons; ex-Border Ruffians from civilized Kansas—some of them of unblemished memory—were encountered on our way, at intervals none too long. All these blended with veteran Mountain men, Indians of all grades from the tambo to the wildest, Half-Breeds, French trappers and voyageurs (who have generally two or three Indian wives apiece) and an occasional nigger, compose a medley such as hardly another region can parallel. Honolulu, or some other part of the South Sea Islands could probably match it most nearly.

The old Mountaineers form a caste by themselves, and they prize the distinction. Some of them are Frenchmen, or Franco-Americans, who have been trapping or trading in and around these mountains for a quarter of a century, have wives and children here, and here expect to live and die. Some of these have accumulated property and cash to the value of \$200,000, which amount will not easily be reduced, as they are frugal in everything (liquor sometimes excepted), spend but a pittance on the clothing of their families, trust little, keep small stocks of goods, and sell at large profits. Others came years ago from the States, some of them on account each of a "difficulty" wherein they severely killed or savagely claimed their respective antagonists under circumstances on which the law refuses to look leniently; whence their pilgrimages to and prolonged sojourn here, despite enticing placards offering \$500 or perhaps \$1,000 for their safe return to the places that knew them once, but shall know them no more. This class is not numerous, but in more influential than it should be in giving tone to the society of which its members form a part. Prone to deep drinking, soured in temper, always armed, bristling at a word, ready with the rifle, revolver or bowie-knife, they give law and set fashions which, in a country where the regular administration of justice is yet a matter of prophecy, it seems difficult to overrule or disregard. I apprehend that there have been, during my two weeks' sojourn, more brawls, more fights, more pistol-shots with criminal intent, in this log city of 150 dwellings, not three-fourths completed nor two thirds inhabited, nor one-third fit to be, than in any community of no greater numbers on earth. This will be changed in time—I trust within a year, for the empty houses are steadily finding tenants from the two streams of emigration rolling in daily up the Platte, as well as down Cherry Creek, including some scores of women and children, who generally stop here, as all of them should; for life in the Mountains is yet horribly rough. Public religious worship, a regular mail and other civilizing influences, are being established; there is a gleam of hope that the Arapahoes—who have made the last two or three nights indescribably hideous by their infernal war-whoops, songs and dances, will at last clear out of the foray against the plains, and have no long threatened, diminishing largely the aggregate of drunkenness and riot, and justifying expectations of comparative peace. So let me close up my jottings from this point—which circumstances beyond my control have rendered too voluminous—with a rough abridgement of LIFE IN DENVER.

The rival cities of Denver and Auraria front on each other from either bank of Cherry Creek, just before it is lost in the South Platte. The Platte has its sources in the South Park of the Rocky Mountains, a hundred miles S. W. of this point, but Cherry Creek is headed off from them by that river, and winding its northward course of forty or fifty miles over the Plains, with its sources barely touching the Mountains, is a capricious stream, running quite smartly when we came here, but whose broad and thirsty sands have since lost it all up at this point, leaving the log foot bridges which crossed the two cities as useless as an ice-house in November. The Platte, aided by the melting of the snows on the higher mountains, runs nearly full-banked, though the constant succession of hot suns and dry winds begin to tell upon it, while Cherry Creek, which issues directly from the Mountains just above its crossing on the way to the Gregory Diggings, is nearly at its highest, and will so remain till the inner mountains are mainly denuded of their snowy mantles. But, within a few days, a foot-bridge has been completed over the Platte, virtually abolishing the ferry and saving considerable time and money to gold-seekers and travelers while another over Cherry Creek precludes not only delay but danger—several wagons having been wrecked and two or three men all but drowned in attempts to ford its rapid, rocky current. Thus the ways of the adventurous grow daily smoother, and they who visit this region ten years hence will regard as idle tales the stories of privation, impediment and "hair breadth 'scapes" which are told, or might be, by the gold seekers of 1859.

Of these rival cities, Auraria is by far the more venerable—some of its structures being, I think, fully a year old, if not more. Denver, on the other hand, can boast of no antiquity beyond September or October last. In the architecture of the two cities there is, notwithstanding, a striking similarity—cottonwood logs, cut from the adjacent bottom of the Platte, and roughly hewed on the two perpendicular sides, and chinked with billets of split cottonwood on the inner and with mud on the outer side, forming the walls of nearly or quite every edifice which adorns either city. Across the center of the interior, from shorter wall too wall, stretches a sturdy ridge pole, usually in a state of nature, from which "shooks" or split saplings of cottonwood, their split sides down, incline gently to the transverse or longer sides; on these (in the more finished structures) a coating of earth is laid, and with a chimney of mud-daubed sticks in one corner, a door nearly opposite and a hole beside it representing or prefiguring a window, the edifice is complete. Of course, many have no earth on their covering of shooks, and so are liable to gentle inundation in the rainy season; but, though we have had thunder and lightning almost daily, with a brisk gale in most instances, they have had no rain worth naming such here for weeks, and the unchinked, barely shook-covered houses, through whose sides and roofs you may see the stars as you lie awake nights, are decidedly the cooler and airier. There is a new hotel nearly finished in Auraria, which has a second story floor; beside this, mine eyes have never yet been blessed with the sight of any floor whatever in either Denver or Auraria. The last time I slept or ate with a floor under me—our wagon box and rough Earth—was at Junction City, nearly four weeks ago. The "Denver House," which is the Astor House of the Gold Region, has walls of logs, a floor of earth, with windows and roof of rather flimsy cotton sheeting, while every guest is allowed as good a bed as his blankets will make. The charges are no higher than at the Astor and other first class hotels, except for liquor—25 cents a drink for dubious whisky, colored and nicknamed to suit the taste of customers, being the regular rate throughout this region. I had the honor to be shaved there by a nephew—so he assured me—of Murat, Bonaparte's King of Naples—the honor and the shave together costing but a paltry dollar. Still, a few days of such luxury forfeited me, mainly because the drinking room was also occupied by several blacklegs as a gambling hall, and their incessant clamor of "Who'll go me XX? The ace of hearts is the winning card. Whoever turns the ace of hearts wins the \$20, &c., &c., perked in at all hours up to midnight, became at length a nuisance, from which I craved deliverance at any price